



Oh, for every tear
That from my cold eyes
Has fallen, Erin Dear,
A shamrock emblem arises,
Wreath weaves a garland green
To cover the world through
All, all the way to the sun.
Our aching hearts and you.
A. P. O'BRIEN.

A SHAMROCK'S CHARM

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I'll seek another leafy shamrock
In all the fair fields of Ireland,
And when I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, here I'll weave my posy!

—Samuel Lover.

"Oh, Gerald, I was so anxious to see you! You have found a four-leaved shamrock. It grows near the old bushes at the banks of Tullah stream, and they say there's not a 'gentler' spot in all Tyronnel. By that I mean there is no place more frequented by the fairies."

"Fairies!" repeats Gerald Gleeson, to whom fairies and girls addressed this novel greeting as he entered a neat whitewashed cottage in a quiet village in the north of Ireland. "Fairies! Sure, you're the 'greened' fairy of them all yourself. You're fit to be their queen. They may be able to put a greater charm on a shamrock, but not one of them can charm a heart like yours."

Una Costello blushed as Gerald clasped his words by putting his arms around her and kissing the rosy lips turned to his. His language was extravagant, as that of all Irish lovers is, but she knew there was sincerity behind it.

"You see," added Gerald, "I've been yearningly from these lovely glens and mountains and have forgotten all about the fairies. In the United States, you know, we have no such superstitions."

"Superstitions?" she exclaimed, surprised at his incredulity. "Don't you believe in the luck of a four-leaved shamrock?"

"Shamrock?" he remarked. "I'll wager it's only a clover. But your name—or that part of it you will not have to change, Una—means fortunate, so that you need no four-leaved clover as a talisman."

Dismayed by himself from his ardent embrace, she went to the window and held up to his inspection and admiration the shamrock which seemed to be hiding itself among others that were of the ordinary trifoliate. Una told her had a prize, for she had found in the day before beneath a sheltered bower where true love has prospered for centuries under the benediction of the little people whom the Irish fondly believe to be exiles from heaven—fallen angels who could find no place to remain than in much of the parishes they had left as the green fields and brown hills of holy old Ireland.

"Now, if it doesn't she asked triumphantly as he looked closely at it.

"Don't be angry enough to say, and if I were I would not be unkind to you for fault and punishment. But"—it is to avoid a suspicion of the saintly he took the shamrock and put the Mayor next his rosy cheek—"here's the great above the red. It's something else often prayed for in the land beyond the ocean."

"But it must be more real than that," also replied the creature, and was returned to her. When touching it in the window she seemed a little pettishly. "I do think even Irish Americans care for nothing but America."

Gerald Gleeson was 30 years of age. He had left Ireland 10 years before for New York and immediately had risen from a schoolboy's membership in one of the great law firms of the metropolis. In New York he was welcomed by an uncle, a man who had made himself a power in municipal politics and had the influence to advance his nephew to a place that, sooner or later, Gerald's own industry and genius would have won him.

Gerald had returned to the old home to erect a memorial to his parents in the village churchyard, where they slept peacefully with their ancestors under the shamrocks and daisies which nature had bestowed so bounteously upon the Irish soil.

It was only natural that he should want to look in at the little school where his early education was received. The old schoolmaster he knew was there no longer, but in its stead a young girl with winsome smile. Una Costello had just attained her majority, fresh from the training institute at Glasnevin, Dublin, and her artless manner, sylphlike form and true Irish beauty fairly won the young lawyer, whose toilful ambition had hitherto precluded thoughts of love from his mind.

So he staid among old scenes longer than he had intended. July fled and with it August. Scarcely a day passed

that did not see him visit the cottage where Una and her widowed mother dwelt. The peasantry had already decided that Una would return with him to America. In fact, he had visited her that day to make the proposition.

Gerald followed her as she went to replace the shamrock in the window. As his arm stole around, some electric thrill of love warned her instinct that he had something to say. Her nervousness was betrayed in the trembling hands that kept arranging the shamrock sod in the box in which it had been planted. He was not altogether conscious himself. It was the first excess of the kind he had ever pleaded. He would make love readily, as all Irishmen can, but he hesitated to ask her to leave the quietude to which she had been accustomed, the dear somber and dearer friends, for her love for him.

"Yes, America is everything to you," she repeated, not knowing exactly how to break the silence and its strain.

"Not quite 'everything,'" he rejoined. "There's yourself, for instance. America would be brighter and dearer to me if you were there sparing on my ambition. Una, darling, you will not let me go alone, will you? I have gone beyond my vacation limit now, dreaming here, planning a happy home under the stars and stripes, but there will be no such home for me, darling, if you are not there."

"Oh, Gerald, what would mother do?"

"Leave her! Of course not. She will come with us."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Una, looking up regretfully, appealingly, to him. "Oh, what will I do?"

"My darling, don't get excited. Something strange must have happened. Tell me about it."

Her emotions puzzled him. He could not quite understand the cause of her grief, for he did not imagine that Una's mother was so firm in her determination to cling to the old home that he could induce her to share with Una and him the happiness that awaited them in America.

"Tell me," he said curiously, "what is this nightmare that haunts you?"

"It is no nightmare," she replied. "It is too real. You have heard mother speak of my brother Maurice—he's only boy—who went to America some years ago. She never heard from him after the

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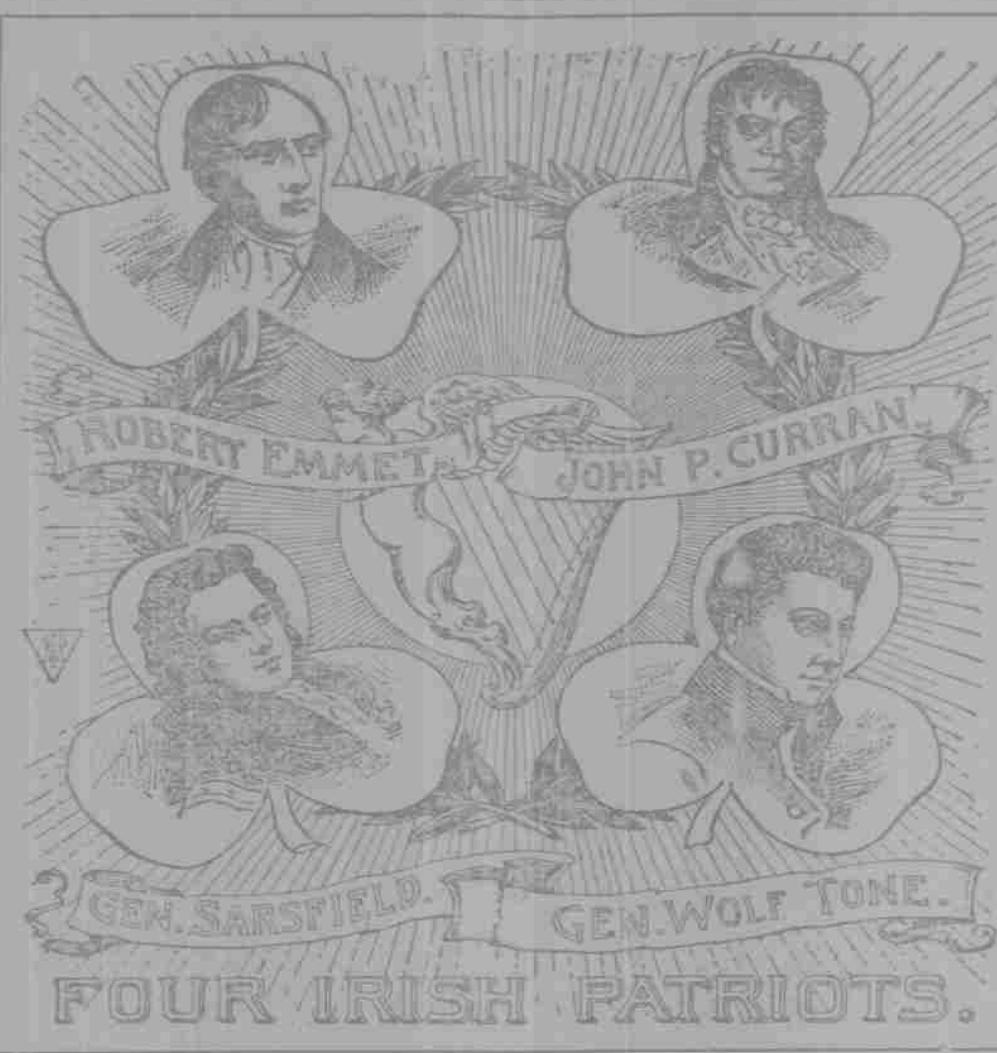
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